

Books

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Summary: Is this the first Myst/Riven story here? IT IS?!
Cool!

Books

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BOOKS

Chapter 1: Abdication

It was strange walking through this library again. He was sure that he would never have to walk through here again. But, then again, times were different now. HE was different.

Difference was the result of change. And change was life. It was something he heard while in D'ni; something a passerby mentioned to his friend. It seemed to make sense at the time. But now that he was older, he new the truth: As things change, what once was shall never be again. Everything he knew was gone, and it will never return in the physical sense. Some old men said that once the past is gone, the memories keep the past alive.

That's crap! No matter how many times you remember what happened before, eventually the story gets old in your mind. And what you really need is a real experience of your memories!

But that can never happen, can it? Because, after all, they're just memories.

Oh Mary. His wife for ages. Or maybe it just seemed like ages! But, she was gone now. The only true partner of his life had passed away. They were amazing together. They loved each other. They refused the idea of divorce, and instead worked on their love all their life. And in this day and age, that was really quite rare!

Married as children. They didn't know what they were getting

themselves into. They were only ten. Only ten years old, both of them! At the time, it was only a timid crush that he had on her. And it was that crush that fueled his emotions, when he offered her marriage. He barely even knew what marriage was! But, he was a child, and Mary was his only friend. He felt a deep longing for her, and for all the happiness he felt when they played together. He wanted to be her friend forever, and marriage seemed like the perfect answer. Apparently, she felt the same way about him, because she said yes.

And the insane priest J'khalis confirmed those vows, in the eyes of God. No other sensible priest would, since J'khalis was getting on in years.

On that day, everything was shining brighter, as the two of them ran through endless fields of wheat. They jumped and laughed; they tackled and kissed and rolled around on the dirt. They never wanted it to end!

And then, it was time to go. He had to return to his home. But he never told anybody about how he was married, since it didn't seem like a big deal to him. Plus, since he and Mary were to be friends forever, what did it matter?

But it DID matter. He almost forgot about her. If he hadn't seen her when he visited her world again, when he was 15, he probably would have! But seeing her again caused any possibility of that impossible. There she was. The girl that he remembered as really giggly, and really strong. Except now, she was 15 too. Taller, with a nice figure. Long, golden hair, that tickled her back, making you hear her breathtaking voice when she laughed. She was gorgeous! And, she still loved him.

They were lucky to have met at that age, when curiosity springs into kid's minds, and their bodies are explored. They were married for 5 years, but this was different. Now they were together.

It was hard to explain it all to his family. That they were in love. That they were married. AND that they had a little boy on the way. It was the end of his life as he knew it. His family disowned him; Mary's family disowned her, and nobody wanted either of them! There was no way they could find a home, since their relationship was considered "disgraceful". And money was hard to earn, since both of them really had no professional skills. They didn't know industry, and they didn't know science.

But they knew of the books.

It was all he could do for his family: create a world that was plentiful enough to sustain them, where they could live and raise their coming family in peace. And as a matter of fact, he was actually one of the greatest book makers that anybody ever saw. He was always being commended when he wasn't being ostracized. So creating a new world for himself and for Mary was actually very easy. And in the end, all they had to do was touch the picture sheet, and they would leave for their new home.

They didn't bother bringing a transport book with them, in case they had to return. They knew they wouldn't.

And that's how it began. The two of them moved to their new home, which they called Dalius. They named it after their first son. A beautiful boy, who looked like his Mom. And it didn't stop there! Mary wanted a BIG family, and he was willing to give it to her. In the end, there was not one but EIGHT children that they could call their own! First Dalius, then Jayna, Abaila, T'morow, T'tresy, Fenian, Dairow, and Atrus. The last of which was their only child who's name wasn't an original creation. He was named after a very special person. Once, Mary decided to go back to D'ni, just to see what it was like. If all their old friends and family and teachers were still there.

They found it ravaged.

But they also found a nice old man named Atrus, living in the wasteland with his wife Katherine. He was the first person who heard about his past, and he didn't care. It didn't matter to Atrus that Mary and him were ostracized for teenage parenthood, just that they were ok. And that they were good people.

That made Mary feel blessed. And, in a wayâ€¦forgiven.

When that man died, their eighth child was a born. A little boy. They named him Atrus.

The world they lived on was gorgeous. Endless fields of wheat, just like the ones they remembered from their childhood. Mountains surrounded the land they called home. Mountains that weren't very tall at all. In fact, they simply leveled off into large, rocky hills, that complimented the farmland and added life to the blue sky above it. His children once started an expedition to see what existed beyond the mountains, but all they found where endless oceans of seawater, just as he intended. After all, he wrote this world. Although, it has been a long time since then, and he wondered if the world has begun to write itself by now.

Eventually, the kids, like all kids, became adults, and wanted to move away. Find lives of their own. Which is why Dalius Library existed! Staying on one singular world was a form of torture for those who knew 'the art'. So he wrote books. Mary wrote books. And as the kids grew older, they even managed to write one or two stable books themselves. Which is how they managed to reach D'ni and met Atrus in the first place. And the Library held their works. Everything they ever wrote, any adventure they ever lived through, it went in Dalius Library. It was a catalogue of their lives.

But after the kids left, the parents never found a good use for it. By that time, they had aged. But only mentally, not physically. For some reason, weather it was the atmosphere of this world, or its air, or its water, or its food; or maybe it was just that he put his youthful heart into this book, and allowed it to stay young forever. But for whatever reason, it has taken him and Mary over 100 years to physically age a decade. It was an amazing luxury, and he had assumed that the two of them would go on living forever.

But many great writers don't know where their stories will take them.

Just last month, Mary died. Breast cancer.

It was strange walking through this library again. He was sure that he would never have to walk through here again. But, then again, times were different now. HE was different.

And the library was different.

For where it once held everything for him, now it held nothing of any importance. Even though the world was causing to age slowly, he was still aging! Eventually, he would die. He'd be forgotten, and everything here would become what his family is now to him.

A memory.

But no matter how much he pitied his life, he knew that this was all he had. All that was left. Itâ€|

Hello!

That book looked unfamiliar!

He thought he knew all the books here. After all, they were his families works. So where did it come from?

He picked it off the shelfâ€|unfortunately, not being careful as he did it. Without reading the book, he touched a page within the coversâ€|that held a picture!

It's a transport book!

A voice rang in his head. It was an unfamiliar voice! It said, "Abdication! I refuse to go on!"

Followed by the inexplicable sound of book transport!

And so, he was gone!

to be continuedâ€|

Note from Squeakgator: If any of this seems confusing, well, it's just the first episode, so wait and maybe more will be explained later. Or, just ask me, and I'll try to explain! But please don't immediately bad mouth this tale!

End
file.